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1-4  
CHORAL HYMNS

FROM THE

RIG VEDA

BY

GUSTAV T. HOLST.

OP. 26.

FIRST GROUP.

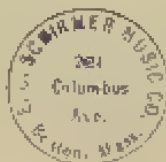
1. Battle Hymn.
2. Hymn to the Unknown God.
3. Funeral Hymn.

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## Choral Hymns from the Rig Veda.

## First Group.

GUSTAV T. HOLST. Op. 26.

## I.

## BATTLE HYMN.

Indra is the god of sky and storm.  
The Maruts are his attendant storm-clouds.

*Moderato alla Marcia.*


SOPRANO. 

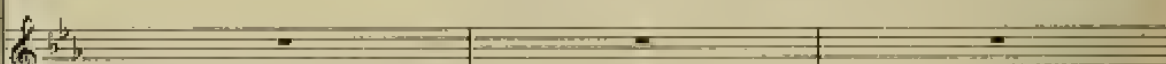
ALTO. 


TENOR.  *mp* King of the earth and

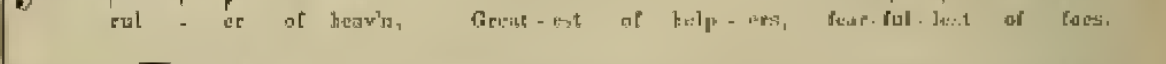
BASS.  *mp* King of the earth and

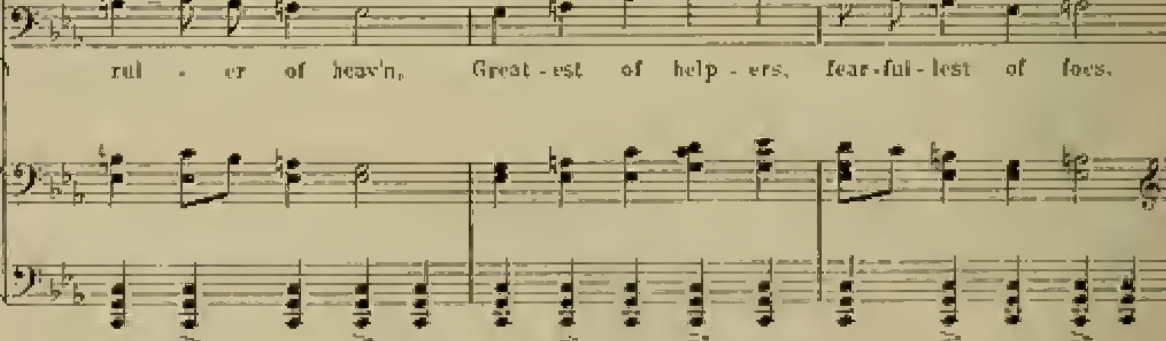
PIANO.  *Moderato alla Marcia.*





 rul - er of heav'n, Great - est of help - ers, fear - ful - lest of foes.

 rul - er of heav'n, Great - est of help - ers, fear - ful - lest of foes.



*p cresc.*  
In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us! fight for us!

*p cresc.*  
In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us! fight for us!

*mf cresc.*  
In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us!

*mf cresc.*  
In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us!

*cresc.*

*mp*  
Lord of all he - roes, Great God of war Chief of the strong ones

*mp*  
Lord of all he - roes, Great God of war Chief of the strong ones

*p*

*p* In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us! *dim.*

*p* In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us! *dim.*

ter-ri-ble in wrath! — In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us!

ter-ri-ble in wrath! — In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us!

*mp* Comrades in glo - ry,  
*mp* Ye too— O storm-clouds fol - low his path Comrades in glo - ry,  
*mp* Ye too— O storm-clouds fol - low his path

Con-quer-ers in fight! ———  
 Con-quer-ers in fight! ——— In - dra and Ma - ruts  
*mf* In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us!  
*mf* In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us!

*p cresce, e stringendo poco al fin*  
 Now to— our aid he rides like the wind, Cha - riot and hor - ses  
 fight for us! Now to— our aid he rides like the wind,

*p cresce, e stringendo poco al fin*



thun-der on their way.

Cha - riot and hor - ses thun-der on their way. In - dra and Ma - ruts

Glo - ry and strength like

Glo - ry and strength like his ne'er were known,

In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us! Hark to his voice that

fight for us! In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us!

his ne'er were known, Roar - ing in rage he rush-es on the foe.

Roar - ing in rage he rush-es on the foe. In - dra and Ma - ruts

rings thro' the sky See how the earth doth trem - ble at the sound

In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us!

Hark to his voice that rings thro' the sky See how the earth doth

fight for us! In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us!

See how the earth doth trem - ble at the

See how the earth doth trem - ble at the sound.

trem - ble at the sound. In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us!

See how the earth doth trem - ble at the sound.

sound. Lips of a thou - sand warriors now cry

And in - re - ply our war - song we raise Lips of a thou - sand warriors now cry

And in - re - ply our war - song we raise Lips of a thou - sand warriors now cry

And in - re - ply our war - song we raise Lips of a thou - sand warriors now cry

fight for us!

fight for us!

In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us!

In - dra and Ma - ruts fight for us!

*ff*

## II. TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

Adagio.

*pp parlante*

SOPRANO. He, the Pri - mal one, Be - got - ter of the u - ni - verse,

ALTO. He, the Pri - mal one, Be - got - ter of the u - ni - verse,

TENOR. He, the Pri - mal one, Be - got - ter of the u - ni - verse,

BASS. He, the Pri - mal one, Be - got - ter of the u - ni - verse,

Adagio.

PIANO.

— Be - got - ten in mys - te - ry, — Lord — of ere - a - ted things,

— Be - got - ten in mys - te - ry, — Lord — of ere - a - ted things,

— Be - got - ten in mys - te - ry, — Lord — of ere - a - ted things,

— Be - got - ten in mys - te - ry, — Lord — of ere - a - ted things,



Lord of heav'n and earth.

Lord of heav'n and earth.

Lord of heav'n and earth.

Lord of heav'n and earth.

*pp sfurcato*

*cantabile*

Who is He? How shall we

*cantabile*

Who is He? How shall we

*cantabile*

Who is He? How shall we

*cantabile*

Who is He? How shall we

name Him when we of - fer sac - ri - fice?

name Him when we of - fer sac - ri - fice?

name Him when we of - fer sac - ri - fice?

name Him when we of - fer sac - ri - fice?



*parlante*

He, thro' whom are the Pri-me-val wa-ters which were be-fore aught

*parlante*

He, thro' whom are the Pri-me-val wa-ters which were be-fore aught

*parlante*

He, thro' whom are the Pri-me-val wa-ters which were be-fore aught

*parlante*

He, thro' whom are the Pri-me-val wa-ters which were be-fore aught

*cresc.*

else. From their depths a-rose Fire, the source of

*cresc.*

else. From their depths a-rose Fire, the source of

*cresc.*

else. From their depths a-rose Fire, the source of

*cresc.*

else. From their depths a-rose Fire, the source of

*p cantabile*

Life. Who is He? How shall we

*p cantabile*

Life. Who is He? How shall we

*p cantabile*

Life. Who is He? How shall we

*p cantabile*

Life. Who is He? How shall we

name Him when we of - fer sac - ri - fice?

name Him when we of - fer sac - ri - fice?

name Him when we of - fer sac - ri - fice?

name Him when we of - fer sac - ri - fice?

He, up - hold - er of earth and sea, of snow - clad heights, en - com - pas - sing the wide re - gions of air, Rul - ing the

He, up - hold - er of earth and sea, of snow - clad heights, en - com - pas - sing the wide re - gions of air, Rul - ing the

He, up - hold - er of earth and sea, of snow - clad heights, en - com - pas - sing the wide re - gions of air, Rul - ing the

He, up - hold - er of earth and sea, of snow - clad heights, en - com - pas - sing the wide re - gions of air, Rul - ing the

snow - clad heights, en - com - pas - sing the wide re - gions of air, Rul - ing the

snow - clad heights, en - com - pas - sing the wide re - gions of air, Rul - ing the

snow - clad heights, en - com - pas - sing the wide re - gions of air, Rul - ing the

snow - clad heights, en - com - pas - sing the wide re - gions of air, Rul - ing the

Rul - ing the sky and realms of light.

sky and realms of light, of light.

Rul - ing the sky and realms of light.

sky and realms of light, of light.

He whose word is e - ter - nal

He whose word is e - ter - nal

He whose word is e - ter - nal

He whose word is e - ter - nal

*marcato e ben tenuto*

Giv - er of breath and life and power. Sole rul - er of the

Giv - er of breath and life and power. Sole rul - er of the

Giv - er of breath and life and power. Sole rul - er of the

Giv - er of breath and life and power. Sole rul - er of the



u-ni-verse, Dwelling a-lone in His gran-deur: To whom the gods bow.

u-ni-verse, Dwelling a-lone in His gran-deur: To whom the gods bow.

u-ni-verse, Dwelling a-lone in His gran-deur: To whom the gods bow.

u-ni-verse, Dwelling a-lone in His gran-deur: To whom the gods bow.

*cresc.*

Lord of Death, Whose path is life im-

Lord of Death, Whose path is life im-

Lord of Death, Whose path is life im-

Lord of Death, Whose path is life im-

*pp cantabile*  
-mor-tal Who is He? How shall we name Him when we of-fer

*pp cantabile*  
-mor-tal Who is He? How shall we name Him when we of-fer

*pp cantabile*  
-mor-tal Who is He? How shall we name Him when we of-fer

*pp cantabile*  
-mor-tal Who is He? How shall we name Him when we of-fer

*pp*



sac-ri-fice? \_\_\_\_\_

*ppp parlante* Thou a-lone canst fa-ther Thy

sac-ri-fice? \_\_\_\_\_

*ppp parlante* Thou a-lone canst fa-ther Thy

sac-ri-fice? \_\_\_\_\_

*ppp parlante* Thou a-lone canst fa-ther Thy

sac-ri-fice? \_\_\_\_\_

*ppp parlante* Thou a-lone canst fa-ther Thy

mys-te-ry: There is none \_\_\_\_\_ be-side Thee.

mys-te-ry: There is none \_\_\_\_\_ be-side Thee.

mys-te-ry: There is none \_\_\_\_\_ be-side Thee.

mys-te-ry: There is none \_\_\_\_\_ be-side Thee.

mys-te-ry: There is none \_\_\_\_\_ be-side Thee.

mys-te-ry: There is none \_\_\_\_\_ be-side Thee.

mys-te-ry: There is none \_\_\_\_\_ be-side Thee.

mys-te-ry: There is none \_\_\_\_\_ be-side Thee.

# III. FUNERAL HYMN.

Moderato maestoso. 3-4.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

*mf*

A -

A - way O Death \_\_\_\_\_

- way O Death \_\_\_\_\_ thy work is end - ed now, Far from us on thy lone - ly path

*Note.* The normal division of each bar is four crotchets followed by three. When the three beats come first 3-4 is written at the commencement of the bar.

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thy work is end-ed now, Far from us on thy lone-ly path go  
A-way O Death —  
go thou — The

A-way O Death —  
thou, The path on which no oth-er God may tread  
A-way O Death thy work is end-ed now  
path on which no oth-er God may tread

thy work is end-ed now, Far from us on thy lone-ly path go thou  
Far from us on thy lone-ly path go thou, The path on which no oth-er God may tread  
non legato



The path on which no other God may tread, This mound we raise doth part us from the dead.

The path on which no other God may tread, This mound we raise doth part us from the dead.

*cresc.*  
This mound we raise doth part us from the dead.

*cresc.*  
This mound we raise doth part us from the dead.

**Molto maestoso.**

*3-4.*  
Now may the great Or-dain-er hear our chant, May He ac-cept our sa-cri-fice and

*ff.*  
Now may the great Or-dain-er hear our chant, May He ac-cept our sa-cri-fice and

*ff.*  
Now may the great Or-dain-er hear our chant, May He ac-cept our sa-cri-fice and

*ff.*  
Now may the great Or-dain-er hear our chant, May He ac-cept our sa-cri-fice and

Now may the great Or-dain-er hear our chant, May He ac-cept our sa-cri-fice and

**Molto maestoso.**

**Lento.**

*3-4.*

grant That in due course each treads th' eter-nal way, As through the a-ges day doth fol-low

grant That in due course each treads th' eter-nal way, As through the a-ges day doth fol-low

grant That in due course each treads th' eter-nal way, As through the a-ges day doth fol-low

grant That in due course each treads th' eter-nal way, As through the a-ges day doth fol-low

grant That in due course each treads th' eter-nal way, As through the a-ges day doth fol-low

**Lento.**



## Tempo I.

day.

day.

day.

day.

*mf* *p*

O wo-man Thou whose

O wo-man Thou whose

*Tempo I.*

3-4.

eyes with tears are dim, Who li - est there up - on the ground with him Who once did

eyes with tears are dim, Who li - est there up - on the ground with him Who once did

*p staccato*

love thee, once did call thee wife, A rise and

love thee, once did call thee wife, A rise and

*p*  
O wo-man thou whose eyes with tears are dim, Who  
O wo-man thou whose eyes with tears are dim, Who  
Join a-gain the world of life.  
Join a-gain the world of life.

li-est there up-on the ground with him Who once did love thee, once did call thee  
li-est there up-on the ground with him Who once did love thee, once did call thee

*3-4. f* *dim.* *Andante maestoso.*  
wife, A-rise and join a-gain the world of life.  
wife, A-rise and join a-gain the world of life.

*f* *dim.* *p* *Andante maestoso.*

Moth - er of all, A child to thee we bring: Earth, ho - ly source whence  
 Moth - er of all, A child to thee we bring: Earth, ho - ly source whence

*pp* Moth - er of all, A  
*pp* Moth - er of all, A  
*poco cresc.* all our life doth spring, There is one who yearns for thee a - gain.  
*poco cresc.* all our life doth spring, There is one who yearns for thee a - gain.

child to thee we bring: Earth, ho - ly source whence all our life doth spring.  
 child to thee we bring: Earth, ho - ly source whence all our life doth spring.  
*pp* Earth, ho - ly source whence all our  
*pp* Earth, ho - ly source whence all our life doth spring.



There is one who yearns for thee a - gain  
 life deth spring. There is one who yearns for  
 There is one who yearns for thee a - gain for

There is one who yearns for thee a - gain  
 for thee a - gain. There  
 thee a - gain for thee a - gain.  
 thee a - gain There is one who yearns — for

*smpre string.*  
 for thee a - gain.  
 is one who yearns — for thee a - gain  
 There is one who yearns for  
*mf cresc.*  
 thee a - gain. Moth - er of all, — a  
*smpre string.*  
*cresc.*



*mf cresc.*

There is one who yearns for thee a - gain. There is one who yearns for  
*mf cresc.*  
 Moth - er of all, a child to thee we bring: Earth, ho - ly source whence  
 thee a - gain. There is one who yearns for thee a - gain ———  
 child to thee we bring: Earth ho - ly source whence all our life doth spring.

*Più mosso.* *accel.*

thee a - gain. There is one who yearns who yearns for thee a -  
*accel.*  
 all our life doth spring. There is one who yearns for thee a -  
*accel.*  
 There is one who yearns who yearns for thee a -  
*accel.*  
 There is one who yearns who yearns for thee a -

*Più mosso.* *accel.*

*Andante maestoso.* *sotto voce pp*

-gain. Sleep-ing so calm - ly  
*sotto voce pp*  
 -gain. Sleep-ing so calm - ly  
*sotto voce pp*  
 -gain. Sleep-ing so calm - ly  
*sotto voce pp*  
 -gain. Sleep-ing so calm - ly

*Andante maestoso.*

on thy lov-ing breast, Wrapt in thy robe, O Moth-er may he rest:

on thy lov-ing breast, Wrapt in thy robe, O Moth-er may he rest:

on thy lov-ing breast, Wrapt in thy robe, O Moth-er may he rest:

on thy lov-ing breast, Wrapt in thy robe, O Moth-er may he rest:

*pp*

Know-ing nought of sor-row, tears and pain,

Know-ing nought of sor-row, tears and pain.

Know-ing nought of sor-row, tears and pain.

Know-ing nought of sor-row, tears and pain.

*una corda*

*Tempo I.*

*sempre ppp*

Then for-ward— O thou soul

*ppp*

*3-4*

*Tempo I.*

*tre corde ppp*

*sempre ppp*

Then for - ward — O thou soul — up - on the road —  
 up - on the road — That

*sempre ppp*

Then for - ward — O thou soul —

8.

3-4

*poco cresc.*

That lead - eth thee —  
 lead - eth thee — un - to thy new a - bode.  
 up - on the road — That lead - eth thee un - to thy

8.

un - to thy new a - bode.  
 Where waits the dread - ful Judge — whom thou must  
 new a - bode.  
 Where

*mf*

8.

*p*



3-4

face, Where

waits the dread-ful Judge — whom thou must face.

3-4

dwell the an - cient Fa - thers of our

Where dwells the

Where dwell the an - cient Fa - thers of our race

3-4 *mf*

Where waits the dread-ful Judge whom thou must face,

face

dread - ful Judge whom thou must face, Where dwell the



3-4

Where dwell the an - cient Fa - thers of our race.

an - cient Fa - thers of our race.

*CRESC.*

There where in the ter - nal wa - ters play.

*CRESC.*

Th-ere where in the ter - nal wa - ters play,

*CRESC.*

There where in the ter - nal wa - ters play.

*CRESC.*

There where in the ter - nal wa - ters play,

Lit by beams of ev - er - last - ing day.

Lit by beams of ev - er - last - ing day.

Lit by beams of ev - er - last - ing day

Lit by beams of ev - er - last - ing day

Then  
Then

Then for - ward O thou soul a - gain we cry.  
Then for - ward O thou soul a - gain we cry.

*non legato*

for - ward O thou soul a - gain we cry.  
for - ward O thou soul a - gain we cry.

*cresc.*  
Go forth O  
*cresc.*  
Go forth O

*cresc.*  
Go forth O hap - py one, be -  
*cresc.*  
Go forth O hap - py one, be -

hap - py one, be - yond the sky.  
hap - py one, be - yond the sky.

-yond the sky. *ff* Go forth! *ff* Go  
 -yond the sky. *ff* Go forth! *ff* Go  
 Go forth! *ff* Go forth! *ff* Go  
 Go forth! *ff* Go forth! *ff* Go

*cresc.*

*Largo.*

forth!  
 forth!  
 forth!  
 forth!

3-4

*Largo.*

*fff*

*fff*

*sempre fff*

Gotread the path on which our Fathers trod That leads us to their Fellowship and God.  
 Gotread the path on which our Fathers trod That leads us to their Fellowship and God.  
 Gotread the path on which our Fathers trod That leads us to their Fellowship and God.  
 Gotread the path on which our Fathers trod That leads us to their Fellowship and God.  
 Gotread the path on which our Fathers trod That leads us to their Fellowship and God.

*fff*

*fff*



# CHORAL HYMNS FROM THE RIG-VEDA

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Op. 26

## FIRST GROUP

Three Hymns for Full Chorus and Orchestra

Vocal Score, 1/4 Tonic Sol-fa, 8d.

## SECOND GROUP

Three Hymns for Female Voices, with Accompaniment for Orchestra or Piano with Violins *ad lib.*

Vocal Score, 1/4

## THIRD GROUP

Four Hymns for Female Voices, with Accompaniment for Harp or Piano

Vocal Score, 1/4

## FOURTH GROUP

Four Hymns for Male Voices, with Accompaniment for Piano or String Orchestra with Brass *ad lib.*

Vocal Score, 1/4

---

"It is fortunate that the treasure mine of Sanskrit literature has remained untouched until a musician presented himself who was not only a talented composer, but endowed with adaptable sympathies and the patience to apply them to a new study. Such is Gustav T. Holst.

"The hymns of the Rig-Veda consist for the most part of simple invocations of fire, water, heaven, the sun, and other forces of nature, incidental to the earlier, less sophisticated, form of religion.

"This is the material which attracted Mr. T. Holst. It was not long before he decided that to approach it through the medium of translations was hopeless. The more faithful the translation was, the more remote it seemed from reproducing the atmosphere of the original. Sometimes even it needed much ingenuity to decide what the translation meant. By this time, however, Mr. T. Holst was so fired by enthusiasm that difficulties only spurred him on, and he set to work to study Sanskrit.

"The texts he now uses are his own. They should, however, not be regarded as translations in the usual sense. His method has been first to study the original so closely as to be completely saturated with it, then to throw it aside and reproduce its meaning in the clearest possible terms."

EDWIN EVANS in *The Blackburn Times*.

"If Mr. T. Holst had never written anything except this collection of hymns, they alone would suffice to stamp him as one of the most individual figures in contemporary musical life."

EDGAR BAINTON in *Musical Opinion*.

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LONDON:

STAINER & BELL, LTD.,

58, BERNERS STREET, W.1.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

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### FIRST GROUP.

The Battle Hymn is a vigorous piece of work in which the use of quasi-Oriental colouring is sufficiently consistent to give thoroughly sincere expression to the words. There is original beauty in the 'Hymn to the Unknown God,' especially in the Refrain, 'Who is He? How shall we name Him when we offer sacrifice?' The Funeral Hymn is more massive in style."—*Times*.

"Of his uncommon ability he has given us proof before now, and there can be no questioning the cleverness, power, and imagination revealed in the work."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"By far the best of the new works was Mr. Gustav T. Holst's group of Rig-Veda Hymns, especially the 'Hymn to the Unknown God.' The design of the piece was simple, from a pianissimo to a very striking climax, and down again; while at intervals a quaint effect of little bell-like sounds was heard.

"No one has done Oriental music better than Mr. T. Holst—that is to say, he has freed himself from the customary devices, and seems to have been able to express himself quite naturally in a musical phraseology eminently suitable to the fine texts."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The Funeral Hymn especially is beautiful, and rises to very impressive climaxes. In this and in the 'Hymn to the Unknown God' the orchestration is very imaginative. The effect of little bells and flowing phrases in the bass in the latter is weird, and suggests a superstitious mystery."—*Star*.

"Reveals a very vivid sense of colour and a command of convincing atmosphere."

*Morning Post*

"The Funeral Hymn is a really noble piece of massive choral writing, far removed from hackneyed conventionality."—*Birmingham Post*.

"The music is warm with feeling, strong in character, and most effective in structure."

*Manchester Guardian*.

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### SECOND GROUP.

Mr. T. Holst's second group of choral hymns from the Rig-Veda, for female voices and orchestra, were among the most interesting things in the programme. All three are delicate and thoughtful pieces of work, and each has distinct characteristics of its own."—*Times*.

"Of the novelties, Mr. Gustav T. Holst's choral hymns proved by far the freshest and most spontaneous in thought and treatment."—*Standard*.

"Effective, restrained, and original; and although modern, the restrained simplicity of the choral treatment allowed the choir to get the maximum of effect with the minimum of means."

*Observer*.

"All three are very freshly felt and thoughtful, picturesque in their colour, and bold but effective in their vocal writing; but the deepest impression was made by the second 'To Agni,' a vigorous and vivid piece of impressionism."—*Sunday Times*.

"Their originality is, as usual with Mr. T. Holst's work, controlled by refinement and music and above all by feeling."—*Times*.

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